

STATE NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. SOPHONIA SHAW, of East Saginaw, Mich., returned from a picnic near Warren, the other evening, to find her husband, who had been drinking, lying dead in the bed. Her body has been shipped to her husband.

Ten o'clock, during a quarrel in a saloon at Newtowa, Hamilton County, Mart Robinson, a young man living at Pendleton, was shot in the left breast, and so severely wounded that he died at the hospital in Cincinnati, on the 10th. His slayer was a companion named Dudley Murphy. Robinson, Murphy, Bob Steele and a young man named Frank Epply, all residents of Pendleton, had gone to Newtowa for a good time. About ten o'clock they and an unknown man became involved in a general fight. It was then Robinson received the fatal wound. Epply was also shot in the arm, but not seriously. Murphy escaped after the shooting.

In 1863, while riding along in a funeral procession, Mrs. Margaret Hall was thrown from her buggy by reason of her horse taking fright at telephone wires falling upon it. She sustained serious injuries, which came near proving fatal. She now claims to have been permanently injured, and for such injuries sues for damages at Newark.

THE OTHER MORNING, between two and three o'clock, the extensive roller process flouring mill, owned by Keyes & Wellman, at Logan, was completely destroyed by fire. The fire is thought to have occurred from a hot box or journal. The loss is estimated by the owners at \$50,000, with \$18,000 insurance.

WILLIAM GILSON, a freight brakeman, while at work at Bayard, Columbia County, fell to the ground in front of two cars, which ran over him. Gilson was married and resided at New Salisbury.

JOHN BOSTON, a laboring man, aged forty years, attempted suicide at Fremont, the other evening, by cutting an artery above the elbow, but failed.

SCOTT C. BOON, who resides one mile north of Kingston, on the Great Western and Circleville turnpike, in Pickaway County, while recently engaged in clearing out a spring on his farm, threw out a slate tablet that attracted his attention. Upon examining it minutely he found the following inscription engraved thereon:

"Lost in ye wilderness, July 29th, 1779, 'A. WILLIAMS'."

This tablet has the appearance of a genuine relic. It is now in the hands of Miss Maggie Shannon, of Kingston.

ACCORDING to the State Auditor's report, there are in Ohio 725,314 horses, 1,687,137 hogs, 1,477,403 sheep, 1,906,378 hogs, and 24,363 mules.

Mrs. JACOB MATTZ, of Richland Township, Marion County, was taken suddenly ill at the breakfast table the other morning, and died before she could be carried to her bed.

A POSTOFFICE has been established at Blakesville, the postmaster, C. F. Graff is the postmaster.

PHILIP LAUTNERBACH six months ago decided upon August 10 as the date of his death. He was a cabinet-maker and had suffered financial reverses. He took to the study of philosophy and theology, and imagined he was to return to the world. On the 10th he retired to a rear room of his shop, 283 Walnut street, Cincinnati, and drank a vial of nitric acid. He fell to the floor in agony, and was taken to the hospital. A year ago he tried to commit suicide by cutting the arteries of his wrist. His brother committed suicide in Chicago.

On Spring Grove avenue, Cincinnati, the other night, Nick Powers, a saloon-keeper, playfully snatched a revolver at a man who was teasing him. Unexpectedly the weapon "went off," and fatally wounded a bystander, Alex. Grieco.

WILLIAM FIELDS, colored, was bound over to court at West Jefferson, charged with shooting with intent to kill Robert Lewis.

The mill and grain house of Fleischman's distillery, in Mill creek bottom, Cincinnati, were burned the other morning. The loss is over \$100,000, partially insured.

The River and Harbor bill recently signed by the President, appropriates the following amounts to Ohio waters: Ashtabula harbor, \$30,000; Black river harbor, \$10,000; Cleveland, \$40,700; Fairport, \$18,700; Huron, \$3,000; mouth of the Cuyahoga, \$18,700; Sandusky City, \$5,000; Toledo, \$12,500; Ohio river at Louisville, \$150,000. For improvement of the Muskingum from the mouth to Zanesville, \$20,000; and the government also accepts the Muskingum river improvements. A total of \$275,000 is appropriated for improving the Ohio. The bill also provides \$750 to be expended in building a levee on the banks of the Great Miami, near its junction with the Ohio, to lessen the danger from floods. Five ice piers, costing \$37,500, will be built at Pomeroy, Middleport, Ironport, Gallipolis, O., and Ashland, Ky.; \$18,750 to be expended in removing obstructions at the mouth of the Licking river; \$11,250 for an ice harbor at Four-mile bar, Cincinnati; \$30,000 for Davis Island Daps.

CITIZENS of Findlay are jubilant over the decision of Judge Price, dissolving the injunction against the city to bond for natural gas works. The work of laying the pipes will begin at once.

A LITTLE son of James Robinson, near Newark, fell in a well twenty feet deep with six feet of water in it. Although only three years of age, the little fellow clung tenaciously to the rock wall until his mother found him and fished him out.

THE OF THE Cleveland rolling mill men who have been nightly drilling, in anticipation of war with Mexico, shouldered their muskets on the 6th and started for the frontier.

The following postmasters were appointed recently: Freeman Yoximer, Delightful, Trumbull County, vice Ellen C. Palmer, resigned; Jacob Wagonstable, Remington, Hamilton County, vice Jacob Wagonstable, resigned.

CANNERS manufacturing in Cincinnati, a leading industry, shows great improvement this season, which is indicative of improvement in other branches of business.

NEAR Cumberland, Jacob Rodgers stabbed and killed his father, Thomas Rodgers, because the father interfered to prevent his son from whipping his wife. A lynching was in prospect on the 6th.

At Sharon, Medina County, S. R. Totman, and Thos. E. Briggs, cousins, and wealthy farmers, had some business dealings at Totman's house. Totman fired several shots at Briggs, dangerously wounding him, and killed himself with the same weapon. Briggs is said to have had information reflecting on Totman's character.

EX-PRISONERS of war had a happy day at Kenton. General J. S. Robinson was the orator.

FIRE after midnight, the other morning, in a building on Baker street, Cincinnati, occupied by Burkhardt, furniture, carpet manufacturer, and Benjamin, silk hat manufacturer, caused a loss of about \$40,000. Benjamin Jones \$20,000; insured; Burkhardt \$20,000; insured; Twined, on building, \$3,000, insured.

DURING a recent altercation at Coeburn, between Robert Jackson and Isaac Moore, the latter was shot by Jackson. The ball entered Moore's side, but it is not considered fatal. Jackson was jailed.

FIVE days and \$20 is what a Mr. Gilead saloonkeeper got under the law for selling liquor too drunk.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

Numerous Combinations in which It Plays an Important Part.

The frequent recurrence of the number seven in the Scriptures seems to indicate that there are associated with it certain events, that it may be termed the prophetic, representative symbolic number consecrated in the Holy Scriptures and the religion of the Jews and other nations, by many mysterious events and circumstances.

The Old Testament informs us that God completed the work of creation in seven days, and set apart the seventh day to be a day of rest for all mankind.

The slayer of Abel was to be punished seven-fold, and the slayer of Lamach seventy and seven fold.

Of every clean beast Noah took to his ark by sevens, and took with him seven souls when he entered the ark. After seven days the waters were upon the face of the earth. The intervals between sending out the dove the second and third times were seven days, and in the seventh month the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat.

In Pharaoh's two dreams he saw seven well-favored and fat kine, and seven ears of corn, one stalk, rank and good, and seven ears blasted with the east wind, which was followed by seven years of great plenty and seven years of famine.

The children of Israel were commanded to eat unleavened bread seven days, and to observe the feast of unleavened bread; seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses.

The seventh month was signified by the feasts of trumpets and the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles.

Seven weeks was the interval between the Passover and the Pentecost.

The seventh year was observed as the Sabbath year, and the year succeeding seven times seven years as the year of jubilee.

Seven days were appointed as the length of the feasts of Tabernacles and Passover.

Seven days for the ceremonies of the consecration of the priests.

Seven victims were to be offered on any special occasion.

When Abraham and Abimelech wanted to confirm an oath they took seven ewe lambs of the flock.

Jacob served Laban seven years for each of his daughters.

Dallas bound Samson with seven green withes, and wove the seven locks of his hair in the web.

Seven priests, bearing seven trumpets, passed round the walls of Jericho seven days, on the seventh day passing round seven times, and it fell.

Solomon had the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated to burn the three Hebrew children, and was driven from among men to the beasts of the field until seven times passed over him.

Elisha commanded Naaman to wash in Jordan seven times and be cured of his leprosy.

The alchemist is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason.

In the New Testament Christ commanded to forgive an erring brother not until seven times, but seventy times seven if he repented.

In Revelations of St. John we read of seven churches, seven spirits, seven stars, seven seals, seven lamps, seven golden candlesticks, seven angels, seven vials and seven last plagues.

A notion once prevailed in England with some people that the seventh consecutive son born had power to cure certain diseases.

Our great fight with the mother country for liberty and independence lasted seven years.

The President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, was seven times seven years of age when married; his bride, Frances Folsom, three times seven years of age, making a difference in their ages of four years and seven years. The bride's age and the difference in their ages added makes seven times seven the President's age. The bride's birth occurred seven years after the President attained to his majority. Their ages added make ten times seven, three scores and ten, the number of years allotted to man.

Multiply the number of their ages by seven, it makes seventy times seven.

The President's official title, President of the United States of America, contains five times seven letters. The White House contains three times seven letters. A. E. Key, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

There are ninety-two distinctively scientific schools in this country with 14,799 students.

Edinburgh University has decided to establish a degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture.

The Catholic priests in New York meet four times a month and discuss theological subjects in the Latin language.

Close application to study in school will affect a boy's mind. It will generally affect it favorably, however.—Chicago Tribune.

A prosiding elder congratulated a pastor in his district on the salubrious air he was living in. "Yes," he naively replied, "if I could live on it as well as in it I would be a happy one."—N. Y. Mail.

The Baptist Weekly asserts that the concert halls and the places where amusements are provided, with the accessory of intoxicating liquors, have proved far more helpful in leading young men, and often older ones, astray than any other agency of evil in New York.

A Lowell, (Mass.) paper says: Undoubtedly the most extraordinary class in point of height that will be graduated from any institution in America this year is that of Nicholas Latin School in this city. The total height of the seven members is forty-two feet, an average of six feet each.

Twenty-seven boys in the junior class of Dickinson College refused to engage in the annual oratorical contest the one young lady member of the class was allowed to compete. She stood to her guns and spouted while the boys rang the college bell to drown her voice, but she carried off the gold medal just the same.—Boston Journal.

English students are less overburdened with reverence than their American brothers. At the recent commemorative celebration at Oxford the appearance of the vice chancellor in his robes was greeted with noisy shouts of "Don't try to imitate Irving!" and when Dr. Holmes was presented a voice inquired: "Is he, did you come up in the one-horse ship?"—Boston Budget.

The word "fiend," says an exchange, is now used so commonly as a humorous name for all kinds of people who make nuisances of themselves that it is in danger of losing its original meaning. Here is a Western paper referring to a certain clergyman as the "long-sermon fiend," and another which talks about "the church-going fiend." In this part of the country there are a number of non-church-going fiends.—N. Y. Observer.

In June the missionaries of the American School Union, in the Northwestern district, under the direction of Mr. F. G. Ensign, established eighty-five new Sunday-schools and brought 315 teachers and 2,480 scholars into them, besides adding 123 old schools which have a membership of 518 teachers and 4,293 scholars. The school also had 243 religious meetings, distributed \$531 worth of religious literature and conducted some twenty-five conventions.—Chicago Interior.

Once in a while some man has courage enough to marry a Vassar graduate; but as a rule the girls don't step off very well. Out of nearly 700 graduates only about 200 have been drawn in the nuptial noose. The full-blown bulls have taken up the same line. There are 17 physicians, 2 organists, 10 book-keepers, 5 chemists, 15 school principals, 2 farmers, 1 census clerk, 2 insurance agents, 200 teachers, 6 artists, 1 law clerk, 5 librarians, 1 copyist, 12 music teachers, 3 astronomers, 2 statisticians, 2 journalists, 3 gymnastic teachers, 2 missionaries, 3 public readers and 4 authors.—Troy Times.

TEMPERANCE READING.

HOW THE NUMBER GREW.

One little Temperance boy,
To this work was true,
Pledged another little boy,
Then there were two.

Two little Temperance boys,
From bad habits free,
Got another boy to join—
Then there were three.

Three little Temperance boys,
To the cause were true,
Taught a boy he must not smoke—
Then there were four.

Four little Temperance boys,
To the cause were true,
Kept another boy from being bad—
Then there were five.

Five little Temperance boys,
Eyes as very bright,
Soon started another boy—
On the road to right.

Six little Temperance boys,
Looking up to Heaven,
Chanted a hymn to the way—
Then there were seven.

Seven little Temperance boys,
All run they true,
Spoke a fellow who was wrong—
Then there were eight.

Eight little Temperance boys,
Tough not, taste not, wine,
Asked a school-mate not to drink—
Then there were nine.

Nine little Temperance boys,
Learned the truth, and then
Told it to another boy,
So there were ten.

Ten little Temperance boys,
Worked hard in hand,
To drive strong drink away
From our native land.

Ask you all to help them,
Work with all your might,
Never fear our father,
God is with the right.

—Ed. Burton, in Outlook.

A WINE SET.

Its History After Its Rejection by a Wise Young Couple.

For several minutes I had been reading in our little society paper an account of the wedding of two young people whom I both knew and admired. I could not but feel a friendly interest in this pretty wedding, for I had seen them grow from childhood to youth and had often thought what a truly ideal pair they were.

In compliance with the usual foolish custom, a long list of handsome wedding presents made an important feature of the wedding report. Many were elegant and ornamental, while not a few were useful as well. One item in the list, however, struck me as being neither lovely nor good; that was a wine set, and feeling sure that this young couple were too high principled to allow wine glasses to figure conspicuously in their list of wedding presents, I determined to trace the history of those things and see just what did happen. Will you listen to the story?

Well, on a bright, sweet morning when these young people had returned from their wedding trip, there was great stir and merriment in the pretty new cottage home as the furniture was put to rights, dainty bric-a-brac tastefully arranged and the bare little rooms gradually made to assume an air of comfort and loveliness.

Out in the dining-room the little mistress was polishing up the pretty silver and glass-ware, and giving little shrieks of delight over the shining beauties. Suddenly she came to the wine set, and the least little bit of a frown ruffled her happy brow. "See here, love," she called to her liege lord, who was perched on a step-ladder in the adjoining room, "we don't need wine glasses in our home; we are not going to begin our life in any such way. What shall we do with them?"

Thus questioned, her adviser bounded off the step-ladder and appeared in the dining-room with several yards of picture wire trailing about his features, but still with an eye to business.

"Trade 'em off for something else," he said. "Folks are always expected to exchange wedding presents when they please. Don't you remember when Bess married and fourteen pickle baskets changed their owners, and—things? Well, my dear, these came from Hartman's no doubt, and I'll just slip on my coat and see if I can't exchange them for a set of finger-bowls."

And behold! in a twinkling he was back with the finger bowls and the little lady of the house never saw the dainty things on her table, but with sparkling water and aglow with pink or fairy green where the sunlight touched them, that she didn't rejoice at the change.

But what of the wine set? To follow it, we must say good-bye to the happy and wise young couple and only be sure, that like the good people in the fairy tale, "they lived happily ever after."

Before the summer was over the rejected wine glasses were adorning another side-board in another part of the city, and were not infrequently in use on the table of the pretty parlor. I don't think they felt very proud of their mission in life. In fact, I'm pretty sure that any one of the dozen would have changed places with the shiny tin dipper in the kitchen; for, strange as it may seem, they knew what evils followed their trail, and shivered through all their little glories when the sparkling drops were in them.

One night something unusual happened. There had been a little company in the evening, some music and gaiety, and then the young wife, with her own hands, filled the wine glasses and passed them lovingly to her guests. The servants in white aprons served the fruits and cake, but the hostess, with merry eyes, declared that only the blue blood of an autocrat must flow near to the purple blood of the grape; and so, with pretty nod and smile, presented each glass, glad that the variety of the wine called forth praise from even her handsome young husband, who, to make good his words, drained many glasses. When the guests had left, and the maids were hurriedly gathering up china and sorting silver, the head of the household still lingered near the sideboard, sipping the wine, and his wife, coming in for a moment, was horrified at the unnatural light in his eyes, and his trembling hands filling and refilling the glasses.

"Frank!" she exclaimed, in alarm, "come away. Come with me. I'm afraid you've got yourself a headache; but it was not quite every drop in the decanter had vanished that, with uncertain step, he left the dining room, his wife, all tearful, following.

Our little wine-glasses spent a dismal night, and were not surprised when, in the morning, Frank appeared with heavy eyes, and answered his wife's greetings sullenly, in a manner quite unlike his cheery one.

Days passed. Oftener Frank tasted the wine on the side-board, and now there was less gladness in his young wife's eyes when he lauded the rare old wine. Often he came home, showing plainly by his bearing that other

wine glasses than those in his own home had touched his lips.

And now the sad wife began herself to refuse to taste the lovely poison so surely changing her beloved Frank, and making him now willfully gray, now low-spirited and dull.

Another night came when guests again assembled in the luxurious little parlors. And when, in the course of the evening, Frank (who had been drinking heavily with some friends at his club) called for the wine, Ruth, his wife, replied in low tones: "No, Frank, let us have no wine to-night. I have delicious coffee, fruits and iced truly the wine is not needed."

"Little goose," he replied, laughing loudly: "who ever heard of a fellow's sending his friends away with no wine," whereupon he himself ordered it.

There were no witty speeches on the little wife's tongue that night, and all the merriment was gone from her face. She dared not count the glasses Frank drank, though all the while he grew more and more gay in his remarks, more brilliant and entertaining. When her guests had left, poor Ruth, sick at heart, looked at her husband and thought how unlike the Frank of old he seemed.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked, gruffly.

"Oh, Frank! Frank! you are ruining your life! Why will you drink like this?"

"Anybody's business but mine?" he asked. "What's the reason I can't have a friendly glass when I want it? I can stop when I please."

"Then I wish you had stopped six months ago."

"But he is silent, you annoy me."

"Annoy you?" she replied, starting wearily up the stairs. "Annoy you! And you, you are breaking my heart. There seems a demon in your soul. At times I hardly know you. I look into your future and see only misery for us with if you keep this up. You are killing your better nature; you are making a brute of yourself."

Frank, who had staggered up to the stair-ladder, felt all the unreasoning anger of a drunken man. "A brute, am I? A brute! And it's my fine young lady wife who says this. A brute!" he screamed, his eyes gleaming wildly, and taking a quick step forward he pushed her angrily against the stair-railing. Startled, she sprang backward, missed her footing, and fell down the long flight of stairs, striking the lower landing heavily, where she lay motionless and white.

Frank looked down at her and heaved a long sigh. "See what a brute can do!" he shouted. "Can't you call me pet names again?"

But by that time, the servants, hearing the noise, had rushed to the spot, and, seeing poor Ruth lying white and cold, screamed: "Dead! She's dead!"

The sharp cry seemed to pierce Frank's clouded brain, and to leave that dreadful word stamped there: "Dead! Dead! Dead!" he moaned, in a half dazed way, rubbing his hot head, and then, sooner than can be told, was kneeling at his wife's side. "Bring her back, bring her back," he cried, "Oh, she can't be dead. Help me, help me! Call a physician. O, Ruth, my darling, open your eyes. Look at me for one moment. God, what have I done?"

He sobbed like a child, rubbed her white hands and dashed cold water in her pallid face, while the sympathetic servants, crying gently, did what they could to restore her to consciousness. Before the doctor arrived she had opened her eyes in a dazed way, but without seeming to know any one.

All that night there was alarm and confusion in the house. The grave old physician pronounced it simply a severe nervous shock, and that, if not fatal, but from which it would take time to rally, and was glad to discover that no more serious injuries had resulted from her terrible fall.

Frank did not leave her bedside. Through all her ravings, before consciousness returned, he was her devoted and patient nurse, though his heart ached with remorse as he heard her repeatedly going over the story of his shame and her own sorrow.

On the first morning that the invalid could be carried down-stairs, there was a queer sort of ceremony gone through with in the dining-room. Frank with many tears confessed his sins before his little wife-confessor, told her that he meant never, so long as he lived, to touch another drop of liquor or to keep it in his home. And when tears and kisses had been lavishly expended, twelve little wine-glasses and two pretty decanters were brought forth and smashed into atoms, amid crying and laughing, and a funeral speech from Frank.

And late that night if you'd been near an old dump-pile, "way out on the common, you might have heard those atoms of glass congratulating themselves on the change, for, as one little ragged-edged piece remarked: "I'd rather be out here associating with old cans and stew-pans, doing no mischief, than to be pretty and clean, sitting in state on the side-board, and breaking hearts, wrecking lives and sending out poison to men." And all the happy little smashed bits said: "Amen," and that ended the wine-set.

—Maudie Littenhouse, in Union Signal.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Here is what he said: "When I was a drunkard I could never get my barn more than half full. The first year after I signed the pledge I filled my barn; the second year I filled my barn and had two stacks; this year I filled my barn and have four stacks. When I was a drunkard I owned only one poor old cow, and I think she must have been ashamed of me, for she was red in the face, now I own five good cows, and I own three as good horses as ever looked through a collar. When I was a drunkard I trudged from place to place on foot; now I can ride in a carriage of my own. When I was a drunkard I was three hundred dollars in debt; since I signed the total abstinence pledge I have paid the debt, and have purchased two hundred acres of wild land, and I have the deed in my possession; two of my sons who are teetotalers, are living on that lot. When I was a drunkard I used to swear; I have ceased to be profane. The last year of my drunkenness my salary was thirty dollars; since I signed the pledge I have not been called upon to expend a cent for medicine."—Pioneer.

CHICAGO papers are ciphering out the cost of supporting their 3,500 liquor-saloons. The city license is \$500 each, or \$1,750,000; Government tax, \$25 each, or \$87,500; rent, at \$600 each, \$2,100,000; support of five persons, each at \$400, \$7,000,000; sundries, at \$250 each, \$700,000; first cost of liquor, \$11,687,500, making an annual total of \$23,275,000. Who pays the bill?—Western Christian Advocate.

DRINK is at the bottom of almost every crime committed at Dublin. —Mr. Baron Downe, in a charge to a jury, 1893.

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